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Sophie Perowskaja.

Down from her high estate she stept,
A maiden, gently born,
And by the icy Volga kept
Sad watch, and waited morn:
And persons say that where she slept
The new moon dipt her horn.
Yet on and on, through shoreless snows
Stretched tow'rd the great north pole,
The foulest wrong the good God knows
Rolls as dark rivers roll.
While never once for all these woes
Unspeaks one human soul.

She toiled; she taught the peasant, taught
The dark-eyed Tartar. He,
Inspired with her lofty thought,
Rose up and sought to be,
What God at the creation wrought,
A man! God-like and free,
Yet e'er before him yawns the black
Siberian mines! And, oh,
The knout upon the bare white back!
The blood upon the snow!
The gaunt wolves, close upon the track,
Fight o'er the fallen so!

* * * * * * *

The storm burst forth! From out that storm
The clean, red lightning leapt.
And, lo, a prostrate royal form!
Like any blood, has crept
Down through the snow, all smoking warm,
And Alexander slept!
Yea, one lies dead—for millions dead!
One red spot in the snow
For one long damning line of red:
While exiles endless go—
The babe at breast, the mother's head
Bowed down, and dying so!"

And did a woman do this deed?
Then build her scaffold high,
That all may on her forehead read
Her martyr's right to die!
Ring Cossack round on royal steed!
Now lift her to the sky!
But see! From out the black hood shines
A light few look upon!
Poor exiles, see! from dark deep mines,
Your star at burst of dawn!
A thud! A creak of hangman's lines—
A frail shape jerked and drawn!

* * * * * * *

The Czar is dead: the woman dead,
About her neck a cord,
In God's house rests his royal head—
Hers in a place abhorred:
Yet I had rather have her bed
Than thine, most royal lord!
Yea, rather be that woman dead,
Than this new living Czar,
To hide in dread, with both hands red,
Behind great bolt and bar—
While, like the dead, still endless tread
Sad exiles tow'rd their star.

—*Californian.*

AUNT SABRINA'S TREASURE.

There was great disappointment among the heirs-at-law when Aunt Sabrina died suddenly, for she had been reputed rich, but in the light of legal investigation her possessions had dwindled down to a few thousands and the house and grounds inherited from her father.

Why she was reputed rich it was difficult to say, for she had lived simply, and had held herself aloof from society. Her father, Colonel Henderson, had been a staunch patriot in time of the revolution, but his brother Boyd was a Tory, and betook himself to England when the first hostile gun was fired, where he was afterward knighted.

Strange to say, Sabrina, who was at that time young and beautiful, sympathized with her uncle, though some said this was not so much from loyalty to King George as from loyalty to one of his officers.

Very certain it is that she was once arrested for giving aid and comfort to the enemy by means of secret information, and was only released out of respect to her father, who promised to deliver her up with his own hands if she ever sinned in like manner again.

In process of time the war came to an end, and so did Colonel Henderson and his contemporaries. The British officer never appeared to claim his bride, and Aunt Sabrina grew old in single blessedness.

And now, she too, was dead, and another headstone of slate was added to the row in the family lot.

As I said, there was disappointment among the heirs, chief of whom was Sabrina's favorite nephew Anson, to whom fell the house and most of the money. He shared the general impression concerning Aunt Sabrina's wealth. He knew that she had received letters from the Tory uncle, Sir Boyd, while he lived, and believed he had bequeathed her something at his death.

He moreover believed that the title to this inheritance, if not the inheritance, itself, was contained in a certain cabinet which Aunt Sabrina had always guarded with jealous care.

It was not known that any mortal eye beside her own had ever looked inside it, and he had once seen her defend it with absolute fierceness from the inspection of her father, the colonel.

The key was found tied round her neck with a black cord after her death, and was immediately captured; but the cabinet was nowhere to be found, although the house was ransacked from top to bottom.

Then, after much the usual experiences of life, Anson died and was gathered to his fathers and his aunts. He left a widow and a son,—a second Anson,—who was at the same time the pride and the torment of his mother's life; her pride, because he was a bright, strong, handsome boy; her torment, because he was as headstrong and unmanageable a little sprite as ever lived. What he wanted to do, he did; what it did not suit him to do, he left undone.

Unfortunately, the story of Aunt Sabrina's lost cabinet had taken strong hold of his imagination, which is not greatly to be wondered at, since he had heard it repeated from his earliest infancy with such additions and emendations as time and tradition are sure to effect.

The probability that it contained a treasure became to his mind a certainty. When he was four years old, he was one day missed, greatly to the alarm of his parents, and just as they were on the point of summoning the town crier, a servant found the child behind the great chimney in the garret, searching for Aunt Sabrina's cabinet.

By the time he was ten, the marks of his little hatchet were found in every part of the house where a board or timber gave promise of having a hollow space behind it. As he grew older, the conviction which had so early taken possession of him became a mania which bade fair to be the making, or the marring, of his future life.

He was fifteen when his father died, bequeathing him the estate which, after the English fashion, he, the father, wished to keep in the Henderson name, the estate being chargeable, of course, with the widow's support.

Soon it became necessary that Anson should leave home to pursue his education, and the widow improved the opportunity to go among her own friends. So, for a season, the old house had a rest.

When a house is shut up, you know how quickly it takes on a look of neglect and decay, and so the Henderson house, which seemed a cheerful enough residence when the family were in it, soon began to look goggle-eyed and high-shouldered and mysterious, and Aunt Sabrina's "ghost" was reported to be frequently seen looking out the tall, narrow windows.

When the heir was twenty-one, he came back to claim his own, bringing with him an article which his guardians and other discreet persons deemed superfluous; namely, a wife.

But Anson was free now—free in law and in fact; he had done with books and teachers, guardians and advisers; he shook them all off as Samson did the bands of the Philistines.

His course now was plain before him; to find the lost treasure and live like a gentleman.

His wife (Mary Flaxham had been her name,) was a blooming, merry-hearted young creature, who flitted about the old house like a butterfly, and who seemingly took as little thought for the morrow.

Why should she take thought when she had a husband to think for her? A husband whom she revered and trusted as every good wife should, unless she can show reason to the contrary.

Meanwhile, the place was running down, and Anson did nothing to reclaim it. He neither sowed nor reaped.

So several years went by; then one day, as Mary was sitting in her chamber holding the little Anson third in her lap, her husband came in and sat down beside her with the air of one who has something to disclose, as indeed he had. He did not even speak to the boy as usual, but struck into the midst of things at once.

"Mary," said he, "I can't stand it any longer. I've been thinking of it a good while, and now I've made up my mind."

"To what?" asked Mary.

"To find Aunt Sabrina's money."

"There's nothing very new in that," said Mary, laughing gaily; "at least, in trying to find it."

"No, but there is in the way of doing it," said he.

"Is there? What can it be?" asked she.

"To pull the house down," said he.

"O Anson!" cried Mary, "but you're joking—of course you're joking."

"Not a bit of it—never was more in earnest in my life. You see that cabinet is somewhere in the house; there is no doubt about that. Aunt Sabrina was seen to have it the day before she had her stroke, and she never left the house afterwards, till she was carried out."

"So I have always heard," said Mary.

"Then the cabinet must be here—unless she took it into the next world with her—as no doubt she would if she could," said Anson.

"But is it certain that it contained a treasure?" asked Mary.

"Certain? As certain as anything is. You're the first person that ever questioned it. My father believed it—everybody believed it; if there was proof enough to satisfy her contemporaries, there's proof enough to satisfy us. But what's the use of arguing a question that was settled before you and I were born?"

"Not much, to be sure," said Mary.

"I should say so. There's nothing so very strange, either, in a miserly old woman hiding her money—they're always doing it—and nothing so strange in my looking for it, that you should make such an ado about it. Think of the folks that have been hunting after Captain Kidd's treasure ever since he tucked it away somewhere a hundred years ago or more."

"Has anybody ever found it?" asked Mary.

"No; but they would if there was nothing but one old house in the way."

"O Anson, spare the old house; your father meant it to stand in the Henderson name—he meant it as a home for you, and for Mother Henderson, and for this dear child—though he never saw him—and she kissed the boy on her knee. "He thought you would love it for his sake, as I do, Anson. And I love it for itself, too. There isn't a nook nor a corner in it that I don't love. These quaint old window-seats, these great chimneys, this oak wainscotting, how charming they all seemed to me when I came here as your wife, and how charming they are still! And such stories as they tell of the colonel, your grandfather, and the old Revolutionary days, and of all the people who have lived and died here! I would no more disturb one brick, or one clapboard, than I would disturb their graves!"

Never in all his married life had Anson heard his wife make so long a speech before. Never had he heard her in any way question or oppose his judgment, and now it seemed to him much as it would if Mary's canary had undertaken to advise the barn-yard fowls about their domestic affairs.

He looked at her a moment in astonishment, and then said,—

"All very fine and romantic, but, nevertheless, the old house must come to an end."

"And so much else with it!" said Mary.

Mother Henderson took a more practical view of the matter. "Where are we going to live meanwhile?" she asked.

"In the porter's lodge," said Anson. "I can fit it up nicely, and it won't be so very bad as a temporary retreat."

"Look out you don't have to stay there the rest of your days!" said she.

"No fear of that," said Anson. "I mean to build the finest house in the country when I get Aunt Sabrina's money."

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," said his mother.

But warnings and counsels were alike thrown away on Anson. To the porter's lodge he moved his family, and soon the masons and carpenters were busy pulling the old house to pieces. Strict watch kept Anson lest any secret hiding-place should escape him, or another should find the treasure and not himself.

For days there was nothing to reward his vigilance, but how shall I describe his emotions when one of the workmen cried out,—

"Hurrah, I've found it!"

A closet within a closet—that was all; a child's hand could have moved the slide—but the eye of a Paris detective would not have discovered it. Both closets were within a chimney, and hence the space taken up by the interior one did not betray its presence. It might as well have been the flue.

When Anson first saw the cabinet which he had so often heard described—it was ebony bound with silver and inlaid with mother-of-pearl—a faintness came over him, and he leant against the chimney for support.

Recovering himself, he drew it from its hiding place with trembling hands. But, although he had the key in his pocket, it is to his credit that he would not open it by himself; no, Mary should share his joy and triumph.

They were all three in the lodge—Mother Henderson, Mary and Anson third.

"Look!" was the only word he uttered, as he placed the cabinet on the table.

"Aunt Sabrina's cabinet!" exclaimed Mother Henderson.

He took the key from his pocket and fitted it in the lock. It turned hard, for it was rusty after its long repose, but it did turn—the cabinet was opened. Aunt Sabrina's eyes, so many years ago hidden under the mould, had looked upon its contents last.

It seemed to be filled with papers—Anson drew them forth eagerly—package after package—and threw them aside. They were only letters.

But at the bottom there was something else—it might be a box—he seized it and touched the spring. The cover flew back and disclosed the portrait of a British officer. A folded paper containing a lock of hair, and the record, "*Major Coverdale; killed at the battle of Cowpens, January* 17, 1781."

"Aunt Sabrina's lover!" exclaimed Mother Henderson.

"What a handsome man! Poor Aunt Sabrina!" exclaimed Mary.

"A portrait and a box of love-letters!" cried Anson. "For this I have thrown away my life; for this I have exchanged the home of my ancestors for the porter's lodge.—*Youths' Companion.*

An Incident of the New Testament Revision.

Among the numerous changes made in the revision of the New Testament was the expunging of the miracle in reference to the stirring of the pool of Bethesda. A gentleman residing in Philadelphia and claiming to know the facts connected with the omission, explains why it was made. It was done because, from the documents in the possession of the two committees, there was reason to believe that it was spurious, and had been unwarrantly inserted in the translation of the original. The part omitted read: "For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the water; whomsoever then first after the troubling of the water stopped he was made whole of whatsoever disease he had." The stirring of the water, which in the early days of the church had been ascribed to supernatural causes, constantly occurs at a spring in Kissengen, Germany, and is due to natural conditions. The medical qualities of the spring are strongest when at a periodic time the surface of the water is stirred by a curious effervesence resembling the action of boiling. It is believed that from such a spring originated the insertion of the alleged miracle in the New Testament.

CRUELLY BETRAYED.

The Sad Experience of a Young Woman who answered an Advertisement.

An estimable and highly respected young woman of Richmond, Va., has been betrayed by a man who married her solely as a cloak for the perpetration of the crime of forgery. In the early part of this month the young woman, whose widowed mother keeps a boarding-house, and who was in search of some honorable employment, chanced to read in the Hartford *Churchman* an advertisement for a governess to take charge of a young child of a widower. She at once applied by letter for the position, at the same time forwarding letters of recommendation from an eminent Judge and a distinguished Episcopal divine of this city. In answer to the application the advertiser came in person to Richmond, and represented himself as Mr. Thomas Marvin, a wealthy widower, from the West. He expressed such satisfaction with the beautiful character given of the young woman that, he said, he had come on at once to secure her services. He remained here several days, and the result of his visit was that, instead of a governess, he won a bride, upon whom, before their marriage, he "settled" $30,000, the contract being drawn up by the Judge who had in part been the cause of bringing the parties together. Marvin's fine personal appearance and plausible manner, with the high character of the letters of credit and introduction which he presented upon his arrival here, established the utmost confidence in him; so much so that, besides imposing upon all of the young woman's relatives and friends, he succeeded without any trouble in negotiating, at the first National Bank of Richmond, a draft on Chicago for $800. The parties were married last week, and left for an extended tour. The return of the draft to the bank, with the statement that it, with the letter of credit, were base forgeries, first revealed the true character of the impostor, and detectives were immediately put upon his track by the officials of the bank. The first intelligence received from the bridal party dated Albion, N. Y., inquiring into the truth of a report in the papers there that a fatal accident had befallen her mother. From this it would appear that Marvin had concocted and had published the story of the accident in the hope that his wife would immediately return home, and thus give him the opportunity to desert her. Friends from Richmond went to Albion to the relief of the young woman, and she is now on her way home. Nothing has yet been heard from the detectives who were sent after Marvin, who is believed to have escaped into Canada.

Some "Hows."

How many more things there happen to be that we want than we need.

How much of the old-fashioned faith which "can remove mountains" is to be found in a wealthy congregation?

How much of the scientific opinion of to-day is to be known as nonsense 100 years hence?

How many revolutions per minute will a lively kitten make in pursuit of its own tail.

How much real profit to humanity is there in seeing a crowd of miserable beasts and birds suffering by deprivation from their natural conditions and climates, and dying by inches while being hauled about the country for "a great moral show?"

How can a born rich man ever enter into sympathy with a poor one?

How many glasses of rum can a man drink inside of an hour and keep within the bounds of sobriety?

How many people really live up to the golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would be done by?"

How many try to live up to it?

How many never try to try?

How many "do" others at every opportunity?

How much better a man's appetite is when he has no money to buy a breakfast?

How many men were ever convinced by argument?

How many men fail to be convinced through bitter experience?

How many people find themselves good company for themseles?

How many pecks of dirt does a tencent restaurant customer eat ere he dies.

How many people really believe that death is only a step into another condition of conscious existence?

How many people think they've got money enough?

How many "half-slewed" men think no one knows they're drunk but themselves?

How many men who borrow money are certain they'll never pay it within the specified time?

How many seventeen-year-old girls believe they'll become old maids?

How many want to?

How much easier it is to spend most dollars than to make them.

How many people are there who think their luck has been the worst luck of all the luck in the world?

How many women will own up to their true age?

How many like to so own up?

How many grocers will say they have poor butter when they do have it?

How could any of us endure a man who never committed a sin of any sort in all his life?

How old Ben Franklin lied when he said "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise."—*New York Graphic.*

The total amount of tobacco raised in 1880 was 473,107,573 pounds.

COMMUNICATING WITH HEAVEN.

How a Little Girl Utilized the Telephone.

A mother living not very far from the postoffice in this city, tired with watching over a sick baby, came down stairs for a moment the other day for a few seconds' rest. She heard the voice of her little four-year-old girl in the hall by herself, and, curious to know to whom she was talking, stopped a moment at the half-open door. She saw that the little thing had pulled a chair up in front of the telephone and stood upon it, with the piece pressed against the side of her head. The earnestness of the child showed that she was in no playful mood, and this was the conversation the mother heard, while the tears stood thick in her eyes, the little one carrying on both sides as if she were repeating the answers:

"Hello!"

"Well, who's there?"

"Is God there?"

"Yes."

"Is Jesus there?"

"Yes."

"Tell Jesus I want to speak to him."

"Well?"

"Is that you, Jesus?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"Our baby is sick and we want you to let it get well. Won't you, now?"

No answer, and statement and question again repeated, finally answered by a "Yes."

The little one put the ear-piece back on its hook, clambered down from her chair and with a radiant face went for mother, who caught her in her arms.

The baby, whose life had been despaired of, began to mend that day and got well.—*Elmira Free Press.*

Forty Cats and an Old Gentleman.

A correspondent writes: At Naples a very eccentric old gentleman met with his death the other day. Signor Navarro, who was seventy years of age, retired from the world some time ago and shut himself up without any attendants in a house he owned near the Toledo in company with forty cats and a large assortment of toys. The toys he added to every day, for he devoted the chief part of a rather large income to keeping up an army of leaden soldiers and dolls; but the forty cats, which he called his Academicians, never exceeded the prescribed number. On the demise of one of the number the corpse was placed on a bier surrounded by lighed tapers, and the dolls were marshaled in procession behind it, escorted by the metal soldiers, and presided over by Signor Navarro as chief mourner and priest. The next day the cat was either buried near one of his villas in the vicinity of Naples, or stuffed and kept on his terrace; in a few days' time the defunct member's chair being filled by another "immortal."

Finding his cats insufficient to keep him company, he lately added a couple of parrots to his menagerie, and had he lived much longer, would probably have ended by having as many parrots as cats. But one night a nephew who had interested motives in keeping an eye on his uncle noticed smoke issuing from one of his rooms. He hastened to knock at the door; but the old man, who hated him as a rival to his cats, ordered him away. Instead, however, he went for the fire engines; but it was too late. When the door was burst open there was nothing left but Signor Navarro's half-consumed body, the remains of the forty Academicians, a few frizzled feathers, and burning stacks of toys; and worst of all for the nephew, who is the heir, the securities the old man kept in the house had been taken from the safe—it is supposed by the owner, when, at last, he attempted to escape—and had been burned with him.

A Trade in Street Pickings.

A recent issue of the New York *World* says: "A little Italian boy named Luigi was arrested while picking cigar stumps and old fruit in East Seventy-sixth street and was committed to the Catholic Protectory from the Yorkville Police Court. Three other Italian boys, named Francisco Gospedi, Donno Baladena and Angelo Bolite, who were found engaged in the same occupation, were committed at Harlem Police Court for examination.

"The cigar stumps," said a person who was questioned about the use made of these pickings, "are sold to men who manufacture snuff or cheap cigarettes. They are roughly washed, dried in a kiln or oven and ground up for the former or roughly torn to pieces for the latter. When snuff is to be made they are thoroughly baked in order to make Rappee. The cigarettes made out of them are of the cheapest kind. They are sold to boys generally or to very poor people, and they retail for about two cents a bunch, being wrapped in coarse straw paper."

"What is done with the fruit?"

"It is made into pies. You need not look so horrified, for the pies are sold only in the cheapest restaurants. The fruit after being gathered is sorted and the worst parts cut away. It is then stewed with the scrapings of molasses casks collected on the wharves by the 'wharf rats,' until it forms a thick kind of jam, and this is made into pies, turnovers, tarts and things of that sort. As you may imagine, people eating these things stand a fair chance to consume more than their 'peck of dirt.' Dirty as they are, however, they are bought fast enough. How much do they sell for? Well I never invested myself, so I cannot say, but I suppose they would bring perhaps five cents or maybe less apiece. People do buy and eat them."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

About $10,000,000 worth of writing paper is manufactured in the United States annually.

A muzzle over a dog's mouth acts as a suspender to his pants.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.*

The first Chinaman ever arrested in Jersey City was arraigned for obstructing the sidewalks.

On a train from Florence to Pisa a robbery of $60,000 was committed by brigands last month.

The French government has instructed its officials to prohibit the sale of toys covered with poisonous paint.

There is reason to believe that the fatal illness of Dean Stanley originated in blood poisoning through inhaling noxious vapors.

An Ohio woman owed her hired man $320. She married him to square the account, and then for $60 got a divorce, thus saving $260.

The second of the two great bells for the fog-signals at Eddystone lighthouse has been successfully cast in a London foundry. Its note is in the key of "C."

The wealthiest colored man in Georgia is Henry Todd, a prosperous farmer, who lives at Darien, and is worth $100,000 in good investments.

Interesting to the ladies: An exchange says the enormous consumption of French kid gloves has completely exterminated the myriads of rats that used to infest the Paris sewers.

In Great Britain, more persons were killed during last year by horses than by all the railways of the United Kingdom. The number of violent deaths registered, from all causes, reached 23,000.

The new road to San Francisco through Arizona runs for sixty miles along a basin that is 250 feet below the level of the ocean. This region has two to four feet of salt and alkali covering its surface. The ground is perfectly white.

There is a Chinese leper living on Staten Island, California, who has been there about two years. Men take care to shun him, and he lives alone in a solitary hut. The people of that section are anxious to be rid of him, but know not how. He is kept alive by food left by his countrymen at a distance from his hut.

A Chinese mother at Fresno, Oregon, bandaged her [illegible] feet, after the fashion of her country, and for several days the cries of the sufferer were heard throughout the mining town. Then a crowd of indignant miners broke into the house, cut off the bandages, soaked the feet in liniment, and threatened to hang the woman if she renewed the process.

A Woman Farmer.

Just before dusk Wednesday evening, says the Lewiston (Me.) *Journal*, a brown-faced and pleasant-looking woman, with a short, well-built figure and firm step, fastened a plump, contented-looking horse in front of the Boston tea store, and tossed a molasses jug out of her wagon. She wore a widow's veil and shawl. "There," said a gentleman, "is one of the most wonderful women in the country, Mrs. Osgood, of Minot Center, the woman-farmer." So when Mrs. Osgood came out of the store, with her strong arms full of molasses jug, salt box and this-and-that, the *Journal* scribe began to ply his interrogations. "How much hay will you cut this year?" "Twelve or fifteen tons. I've cut about six tons already. I commenced mowing at 7 o'clock this morning and mowed most of the forenoon. I spread thirty-five common stacks of hay, and after dinner I got in four good one-horse loads, in season to get down here at four o'clock and market a lot of berries." "Do you cut your hay with a machine or a scythe?" "Both; I can mow either way. I have a one-horse mower." "Do you have any help?" "Only what I get from the children. There's a girl of fourteen years and a boy of eleven years who help me a little." "Is the girl going to make a farmer?" "I don't know. I want to make a farmer of her, but she says she don't like the idea very well." "How much of a farm have you?" "I have now about forty acres. I have planted this year half an acre of onions, two acres of potatoes, and three-fourths of an acre of beans, and sowed half an acre of oats. I have done all the work myself. I have run the farm five years, and haven't paid out a cent, not one cent, for help, and I ain't going to, either, [with much emphasis.] Last winter I went down in the woods and cut and teamed out ten cords of cord wood." "Does your farm pay well?" "Yes; it's beginning to pay pretty well now. It was all run down when I came there and commenced work. It only cut hay enough for a cow and a horse. Now it cuts twelve tons. See the difference? I have dug out the rocks and leveled off the fields with my own hands, so I shan't be thrown out when I ride on my mowing machine. I keep two cows, a horse, and a lot of sheep, and there are a lot of hens running around."

Mrs. Osgood then started Dobbin for home. Here is a woman who finds time between planting her acres of potatoes and onions, mowing a dozen tons of hay, chopping ten cords of wood in snow knee-deep, and all the hard work of running a forty acre farm, to take care of the milk of two cows, make butter and bread, and do all the kneading, cooking, and sewing on buttons for a family of children, and yet has nothing to say about a woman's wrongs or woman's rights.—

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1881.

Subscribers finding this paragraph marked will understand that their subscriptions have expired, and unless they promptly renew the paper will be discontinued to their address.

The excursion of the Washington Cadets to Richmond. Va. was very well attended there being eight coaches filled. They were accompanied by the Second Artillery band. The Cadets and the Capital City Guards were, on their arrival, escorted by the Attucks Guards to their armory. The day was spent in visiting various points of interest the churches, Capitol grounds, penitentiary etc. The soldiers attended the Second Baptist church where Rev. A. Binga jr. is said to have to delivered a most excellent sermon.

Not a single one of the republican or other papers in this District has had the moral courage, either to denounce the practice of dining saloon keepers in refusing to accommodate colored persons or the temerity to approve it. But their silence is significant. We have called their attention to the matter, and for fear they may forget it we do so again.

A respectable colored lady or gentleman, unless it happens to be a man like Frederick Douglass John F. Cook or Register Bruce, [illegible] not readily accommodated, if at [illegible] eating establishment–no matter how genteel he may be in appearance or in manner.

This is as much against the spirit of our institutions as distinctions on the color line in the theatres. hotels, steamboat or rail road, and only in such states as Georgia or Kentucky is this discrimination now practiced. This iniquitous practice here is a manifestation which is bound to cause more or less friction between the keepers of these saloons and a class of our citizens rapidly growing in wealth and intelligence. It is the duty of the press to correct this spirit by as boldly denouncing the practice as they would ballot box stuffing, repeating or bull dozing, to advance political and partisan ends.

The National *Republican* claims to be a *stalwart* republican paper and day by day appeals can be found its columns directed to the colored people of Virginia for whose welfare it is unusually solicitous.

We do not know whether to admire most, its devotion under the most desperate circumstances to the so called stalwarts as against administration republicans, or its unselfish championship of the cause of the Readjusters in Virginia—especially because of its tender affection for "the man and brother" Its editor no doubt would sacrifice all his future prospects—even a possible election as clerk of the Senate—to the triumph of the Liberal party movement in Virginia.

It is a old saying and worthy of all acceptation that "Charity begins at home." In this spirit we may be pardoned for suggesting that the editor of the *Republican* take a shorter range, confine his optics to the District of Columbia, and, as only a stalwart can, study well the following extracts from national republican platforms. They may enlighten him or refresh his memory:

We congratulate the country on the assured success of the reconstruction policy of Congress as evidenced by the adoption, in the majority of states lately in the rebellion. of constitutions securing equal, civil, and political rights—1868.

Complete liberty and exact equality in the enjoyment of all *civil*, and political and public rights *should be established* and effectually maintained throughout the Union by efficient and appropriate state and Federal legislation. Neither the law nor the administration should admit any discrimination in respect of citizens by reason of race, creed, color or previous condition of servitude—1872.

We declare it to be the solemn obligation of the legislature and executive departments of the government to put *into immediate* and vigorous exercise of all their constitutional powers for removing any just cause of *descendant on the part of any class*, and securing to every American citizen complete liberty and exact equality in the exercise of all civil, political and *public rights*—1876.

Is It Expedient To Wear Mourning Apparel?

BY "JOYCE."

For the PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.]

Careful thought as to [illegible] would do away with many established rules. Many a revolution and reformation would begin in various directions sooner than they begun or will begin, were not the early discovers of truth afraid of public opinion. So, foolish custom with slight variations have descended from age to age. In the olden times of the eastern countries, when one died the bereaved family rented their clothing, abstained from washing, sprinkled with dust and ashes, went bareheaded, barefooted, and, for a certain length of time, did other equally as silly things. Even now, in Ireland the hired keeners salute the ear with their cries of affected grief. In England, mourners, called mutes are said to follow in the funeral processions. In our own country exists a custom needless in itself and hurtful in its consequences—our people drape themselves in mourning apparel on the death of a relation.

Extravagance, when known to be extravagance, is universally condemned. But a wolf, sheep-skin disguised, devours the substance of the community, and the world is silent, for, lo! it sees not. The winter season has opened, and an outfit is secured hat and clock and dress, all the innumerable appendages that go to make up a lady's suit. A relative dies, perhaps one near and dear, perhaps one distant and unfamiliar; but she leaves you a modest income, or bequeathes you an ancient bedstead, and it is deemed requisite that you go in mourning. The ready clothing is laid away; and, besides all the unavoidable expense of such an occasion, you must dive into your pockets or that of your nearest masculine relative, and draw for the funds to spend in mourning goods. Black dress, black hat, black cloak. black gloves, black ruffles, black tie, and a black crape veil as lengthily as you can possibly afford—for the longer your veil the more poignant your grief is supposed to be—all these are among the necessaries. One item of sad importance in such a shopping expedition is that mourning goods are more costly than any other. Consider if this be not a waste of means that might be more beneficially expended.

What for one is extravagance committed, is for another extravagance impossible. The hearts of many of our poor ache because they cannot pay what they deem respect to the memory of their dead. Let some pitying neighbor give a cast off black skirt and a rusty, once—black, shawl, and they are more gratefully received than would be a handsome outfit of color. If, by dint of strenuous effort and trying sacrifices, they can from the hoarded family earnings secure a sufficiency to buy such things, it is willingly taken. Even then, maybe the young lady of the household mourns the shortness of her veil and the lack of her crape on her dress, for curious eyes will scrutinize her when first she makes her appearance outside.

While the heart is bowed down with sorrow, we feel like mingling in the pretty details of existence. Yet, when the materials for the mourning suit are secured, there is the dress maker to encounter. All ladies know what this means: tedious discussions of the technicalities of cut and trimming, tiresome tryings on of unfinished dresses. Processes, these are, irksome at all times; how agonizing then the circumstances of recent bereavement! If the gloomy garments be not finished before the funeral, one must borrow from acquaintances. Here we entail the risk of tear stained cashmeres, torn kids, and similar disasters; small in themselves but, nevertheless, disagreeable. The poor, who cannot hire some person to sew for them, must, even in the early stage of suffering, ply the needle and drop ping tears on the badge of their woe.

The world tacitly agrees that the longer you wear the sable suit. the more devoted you are to the loved ones gone. So people retain the dress adopted in the early abandonment of grief, even when the keen anguish of concious loss has left them. Another reason may be assigned for adherence to these habiliments. Many pretty blondes [illegible] clinging black drapery so infinitely becoming to peach bloom cheeks and golden hair, that they effect the double object of gratifying a little [illegible] like a bicycle [illegible] Marathon [illegible] ing the community [illegible] for deceased [illegible] forms thus [illegible] in the gay [illegible] thorough fare [illegible] concert hall. [illegible] ball room. Their at [illegible] of fashion and art. [illegible] flirt, they dance, they gossip and all the while their crape tells a mournful story to the beholder. To say the least, it seems somewhat incongruous.

The strongest objection against wearing mourning is yet to be stated. It is injurious to the health. A widely admitted fact is, that the dyes used in the manufacture of black goods are poisonous to the system. Still folks clothe themselves in these death conveying fabrics. Still they draw the covering of crape across the face, and breathe the unhealthful material it contains. In crowded churches, on summer days, they sit as completely enveloped as nuns. Custom which "almost can change the stamp of nature," forbids them to raise the veil till a specified time has elapsed. Lift it, and you see a white, drawn face and wild, strange eyes, for the poison is working its effect. No doubt many have gone to their graves through this foolish practice, and angels have mourned man's mistaken views.

Why follow a custom which causes such harm and accomplishes no good? Are we not wise enough and strong enough to abandon what existed through ages less civilized than ours? Would the friends for whom we grieve wish such exhibition of mourning as these black robes? Can we not love our dead as well, can we not lament them as deeply, without this custom, as with it?

Women, ponder these questions, and pray with me that a reformation in dress may destroy every vestige of this that has been—

"upheld by old repute, consent or custom."

From the Far West.

Denver, Colorado, July 26th, 1881.

Mr. Editor:

I returned to Denver from Idaho and Montana July 24th inst. In my letter of the 12th I mentioned the prosperity of the colored people in Colorado, and especially in Denver. She is destined to be the queen city, west of the Missippi river. Like all western cities she has her vices as well as her virtues. They consist in gambling, lewd women, and barrooms open all days of the week. Sunday seems to be the busiest day with the bar rooms.

There are thirty-two churches in Denver, three of them colored, as mentioned in my first letter. Colored young men seem to imbibe the white man's vices instead of his virtues in Denver, as they do in older cities east.

One advantage they have here: all can find work who they want it; and they get well paid for it. A laborer can get from two to two-and-a-half dollars per day here. Hotel waiters are in great demand. There is not a hotel here that would not gladly take a colored crew of waiters if they could get them to stay; the hotels pay from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars per month. There are a few colored waiters in Denver; *Women cooks in private families* get from *thirty-five to forty dollars* per month. House maids from *thirty to thirty-five* dollars per month, colored women are preferred to any others and especially those from the east.

Men cooks get higher wages. In every city where I have been want colored waiters, cooks, servants generally are in demand. Farther west they pay higher wages, viz. Salt Lake City, Ogden, Logan, Utah, Blackfoot, Idaho and other towns in Idaho, Milrose and Butte City, Montana, where there are sixty thousand inhabitants, the greatest and richest mining districts in Montana.

The Chinese laundry and the Chinese cooks are seen in all the above mentioned cities and towns, and Irish Biddies are waiters in most of the dining rooms in the territories through which I have passed. What a field for our young men and women east! The mines are open to all who want to work in them. Men get from three to four dollars per day in the gold and silver mines' Colored men have found iron, silver and other valuable mines at Leadville, Colorado. There are two of the richest colored men in the United States who own silver mines in Leadville, Colorado. The colored men need the spirit of venture to get rich in this new country.

Colored barbers are needed in all the places mentioned above in this letter. They get twenty-five cents for each shave and fifty cents for each hair cut.

They have fine public school buildings in Denver. There are no separate schools here. All the children go to the same schools; but the fight had to be made on the color-line. There was found one colored barber here eight years ago who made the fight and won his people's cause, his name is N. J. Hardin. He is a delegate from Cheyenne in the *Wyoming Legislature.* Refined colored people are coming to Colorado quite fast. There are many old families here now—the Mosbys, Cars, Riley and many others who are well to do, and have all the traits of refinement about them.

MASONIC INFORMATION.

"Brethren of the mystic tie" will not be among strangers when they come to Denver. The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Colorado is in Denver. The Worshipful Grand Master, Bro. Thomas J. Riley, is a bright craftsman and looks out for brethren visiting Denver and the state. There are seven Blue Lodges in Colorado, three in Denver, and four in other parts of the state. All are financial; September coming will be the sixth annual communication.

Isaiah Mitchell.
Denver, Col. July 26, 1881.

Popular Education in West Virginia.

Williamsport, Grant Co., W. Va. July 16th 1881.

The Teachers' Institute appointed to meet at this place, convened Monday, July 4th. The exercises of Monday afternoon were deferred until Tuesday. In the evening addresses were made by Prof. J. R. Clifford, *Wm.* M. Dans, County Supt., and Rev. Cockley.

Tuesday the regular programme was carried out. An interesting discussion on "When shall a teacher's duty–begin and where shall it end" originated through the query box. In the evening interesting remarks were made by Hon. D. W. Batt. He expressed his willingness to sustain the "Free School System" and suggested the idea of compelling parents to make use of it. "In my opinion," said he, "intelligence is the father of republicanism." This magnanimous expression delighted the ears of his hearers, Wednesday after the usual devotional exercises the minutes of the preceding meeting were read and received. The topics on the programme were each scientifically explained, all the teachers took an active part and were enthusiastic in their work. The evening session was called in due time.

Several topics were discussed relative to the duties of parent, teacher and pupil, and during these discussions the teachers were eager to speak. Rev W. T. Harris of Cumberland related some very pleasing incidents bearing upon the subjects. The exercises of Thursday were interesting and animating, and the teachers were surprised at their being capable of doing so much work. Every evening the house was crowded and the public in general, both white and colored came in to participate in the exercises. The recitations of Friday and Saturday were like those preceding them, very instructive.

Every teacher seemed gratified and was sorry when the time came for us to part. One teacher wept while acknowledging her thanks to the Professor for the benefits she had received by his unceasing diligence and instructive lessons. Saturday evening a large company gathered in the schoolhouse where our Institute was held. We were favored with select readings by Miss Sallie Welton, Miss Jennie Starchman Mrs. M. F. Clifford Miss Emma Stalling and Messrs. N. J. and W. H. E. Crooks. After which we had the pleasure of listening to remarks by some of the parents residing in this place. The following resolutions were unanimously approved.

1. Resolved, That we as teachers have derived great benefit from this Institute and shall return to our homes better prepared for the work in which we are engaged.

2. Resolved, That we return thanks to Hon. B. L. Butcher, State Supt., for the interest he has manifested in our colored schools and that we hold him in high esteem for his recognition of the capacities of our own race.

3. Resolved, That we return our sincere thanks to our very able instructor Prof. J. R. Clifford for the scientific manner in which he has conducted this Institute.

4. Resolved, That we also return thanks to Rev. W. H. Bruce for presiding over our corps of teachers, and to the community in general for their hospitality and patronage which they have so freely given.

5. Resolved, That we regret the non-attendance of some who have taught in the adjoining [illegible] for years and are sorry [illegible] so little interest manifested when an opportunity is afforeed us of improving ourselves.

6. Resolved, That a copy of this be sent to the Wheeling *Intelligencer*, the Martinsburg *Independent* and the PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

Committee: T. *K.* Clifford, Miss M. A. Howard, W. H. Rolls, W. W. Bruce, M. F. Clifford, Sec'y.

TWENTY FIVE YEARS of MATRIMONIAL BLISS.

Mr. Editor:

On the evening of the 15th of this month occurred an event that will long be remembered by many of the leading citizens of our quiet seaport town.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Jenifer by the urgent request of their friends, celebrated the twenty fifth anniversary of their marriage, with a splendid reception at their residence corner of Court and Lindsey streets. The day was bright and beautiful, and scarcely had the sun sank behind the western hills, when the invited guests began to assemble, and ere the shades had of evening had shrouded the earth in darkness, a brilliant and happy party were congratulating the bride and groom on this, their memorable anniversary. Prominent among the assembled throng were Hon. George Marston, Attorney General of Massachusetts and daughter, Hon. George B. Richmond, Ex Mayor of New Bedford and wife, Lewis Hayden Esq. of Boston, Rev. John T. Jenifer and wife of Boston, Miss Martha Briggs of Miner Normal school, Washington, Miss Mary J. Patterson Principal of the Washington High School, Misses Anna V. Thompkins and Annie E. Holmes of Washington, M. F. Fayerweather of Wilmington, Delaware, Maggie Onley, Fannie Carter, Mrs. Lizzie Wilson of Boston, Mrs. Sarah E. Rice of Newport, Rhode Island, Mr. B. F. H. Read, editor of the New Bedford *Standard*, Messrs. A. G. Jourdain, C. H. Brook, F. M. Douglass, Bradford V. Durfee, Edwin A. Douglass, C. H. Oberton, Malms. Elijah Knox, H. M. Perkins, Joseph W. Smith John Bessellon, Mr. George H. Mitchell and wife, Mr. James Carter and wife, Mr, A. E. Bush and wife, Mr. Lewis Temple and many others from this city.

Leaving the parlors and passing into the adjoining room, one with propriety could exclaim "thou art so far and yet so near." On a table in the center of the floor were choice gifts, suited to the occasion.

From Washington, D. C.; Miss Rhoda A. E. Hickman, a beautiful silver butter dish; Miss Anna V. Thompkins, silver sugar spoon: Rev. Joseph P. Shreeve and wife, very handsome silver napkin rings; Miss M. F. Kiger and R. A. Lee, a beautiful syrup pitcher.

From Boston; S. W. Ford, a beautiful silver fruit dish; Mr. George H. White, a very handsome silver pin; Mr. J. C. Chappell, and wife, gentlemen and ladies silver pin, very handsome.

From Newport, Mrs. Sarah F, Rice, a beautiful silver butter knife.

While New Bedford ever mindful of her worthy citizens supplied all deficencies.

Miss Lillie Sparden presented a beautiful silver ladle; Miss Mary Marsh a silver pickle dish. A silver tea-set of exquisite workmanship with the compliments of Messrs. C. H. Brook. C. H. Oberton, Misses Mattie Briggs, Annie Holmes, Mdms. R. H. Carter, B, M. Mitchell, Joseph W. Smith, H. M. Perkins, Mr. A. M. Bush and wife, Mr, F. M. Douglass, and wife, presented an elegant silver pickle dish; Mr. Elijah Knox and wife, one dozen silver tea spoons. A very beautiful silver salver, donor unknown.

Hon. George Marston, presented a silver dog representing "Fancy," the faithful dog so long kept, and so highly prided by the bride and groom, Mr. James Allen and wife, presented a nice silver butter dish; Mr. James Carter and wife, a splendid butter knife; Mrs. Henry Only and daughter, a very pretty pair of fruit knives; Mrs. Charles H, Carter and daughter, a beautiful silver fruit knife; Mrs. Louisa Bessellon, a very pretty silver butter knife, an elegant china tea-set with the compliments of Mrs. H. Holmes, Miss M. E. Fayerweather, Miss Mariah Bailey, Mrs. Jane E. Elbert, Mrs. Lizzie Wilson, together with other gifts the donors of which are unknown. At the rear of the house, under the broad piazza, Fish's Orchestra were breathing inspiring inspiring strains of music, to which young and old were soon joined in festive dance and not the guests alone, for in this gay and happy crowd, were seen the bride and groom, trip, light gaily lightly to the music of the harps as any of the younger guests.

The ladies were richly attired. The floral decorations inside of the house were beautiful, and the grounds which are the pride of "mine host," and the admiration of all who see them, were beautifully decorated with torches and chinese lanterns, making a brilliant and elegant display. A delicious supper was served at eleven o'clock, and after a short time was spent in social converse and song, the guests expressing the warmest wishes for the host and hostess in the future they retired.

* * *

New Bedford, Mass. July 23.

The Black Belt.

The philosopher who has carefully studied the developement of races from a lower to a higher civilization and the influences which govern the character of the population to be developed, cannot have failed to note that a law is at work which must result in the segregation of the black race on the coast line of the cotton states, or speaking climatically in the yellow fever belt of the Southern states, when the Negro race will dominate and where they will control the local legislation, society and economy of the country, and when they will develope a civilization of their own. And the sooner this is recognized, the less friction there will be in the changes incident to its accomplishment.

Now the very law of production made a black belt in the days of slavery. The whites were driven to mountainous districts and uplands of Tennessee, Kentucky Virginia, western Carolina; and northern Alabama, a region tolerably unsuited to slavery and still more to large farms; it was not a cotton country.

The black belt of slavery was based upon the crops of cotton and rice, and the impunity with which the black man could do the labor necessary to their production, —a labor that had to defy malaria, and be in the field every day in the year. The inability to do this [illegible] ing man [illegible] and surrender [illegible] line to the [illegible] ectors.

The white man can no more work there to-day than he could previous to the war, and the planter who owned the slave labor cannot by any system of economy, based on free black labor, hold the land and dominate as he did then, because his labor now thinks, is gaining intelligence, and can come or go, work or not work, as it may choose to do. And these facts will persistently weaken the white minority and strengthen the power of the black majority.

That this law is already at work another fact as to the census will show some startling results. Compare the census of 1860 1870 and 1880, and we find that the Negroes are leaving the peidmont or upland country and concentrating in the malarious lands or catfish belt. The blacks will take the lowlands and produce the raw material for the whites in the higher country to manufacture. This whole upper region has five whites to one black—not more than enough blacks to fill the places as servants. Meanwhile certain counties in the Delta reg on which had three blacks to one white in 1860, had five to one in 1870, and seven to one in 1880. The thin-skinned Negro is self disinfectant; he sweats out the malaria which would kill a white man. The yellow fever has few terrors for him; the scorching rays of a tropical sun gives him vitality and growth. A century hence the pure blacks will occupy a crescent shaped belt, beginning on Chesapeake bay, gradually widening southward to a width of a hundred miles or more along the gulf, then narrowing northward along the Mississippi to a point in western Tennessee; the flat alluvial strip, nearly the country of the old Mobilians. Next to it will be the belt of mixed black and white, and then the high country which will have as purely a white population as Ohio, New York or Illinois.

In the face of all the kuklux outrages, in defiance of bulldozing and terrorism, this law has been silently at work until these facts of the census confront the statesmanship of America. And as these unnatural obstacles are removed, these fierce persecutions die out, these influences will gather force, volume and intensity until the close of the century will see what we have predicted practically accomplished.—*Gate City Weekly Press.*

In Memoriam.

It is a sad duty to announce the decrase of Mr. Benjamin F. Godwin, for many years an esteemed and highly respected resident of this place. Although a sufferer for a number of years, his sudden demise was a shock to the village in which he was so welll and favorably known, in his capacity of tonsorial artist. The obsequies over the remains were held in the Congregational church Monday, and were conducted by Rev. J. W. Malcom, assisted by Rev. Mr. Ward of Boston. Appropriate music was rendered by the choir. The floral offerings were profuse and elegant. The remains were interred in the E. W. Cemetery. The pleasant memory of his genial, warm hearted, courteous manner, which won for him many warm friends, will long remain with all who knew him. *Weymouth (Mass.) Gazette* July 22, 1881.

Benjamin F. Godwin the subject of the above sketch arrived in Boston from Portsmouth, Va. in 1853. For years he transacted business in the city of Boston and by his genial qualities, and gentleman demeanor won hosts of friends, from thence he by the urgent desire of influential parties removed to East Weymouth where he remained for fourteen years, during which time he had the misfortune to lose by death his beloved wife and three children all of whom were endeared to the residence of E. Weymouth for their manly kind dualities.

Mr. Godwin was afflicted with a combination of diseases and after undergoing the most thorough treatment from Boston's most eminent physicians with [illegible] care that could have been bestowed [illegible] his relatives attended by the nearest [illegible] ing relative expired at the residence of his brother-in-law Mr William N[illegible] No. 5 Kennard Ave. July 14th. 18[illegible] C. E[illegible] P.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

SATDURAY, AUGUST 6, 1881.

AGENTS.

Cochran, G . . . . Richard Townsend.
Baltimore..... D. D. Dickson.
Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B, Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
C. A. Lemar, Collector for Washing on New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
Lawrence,..... Rev. W. H. Scott.

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CALVIN D. JOHNSON, - Local Editor.

LOCAL.

—Societies and churches wishing local notices of their entertainments and other special exercises, in order to ensure the same should send complimentary tickets.

—The Analostan Social Club gave a pic nic to Tivoli Tuesday.

—Assassin Guiteau wants to get out, so he informs Mr. Corkhill.

—The Republican State convention will be held in Lynchburg on the 10th inst.

Asbury church gave a very pleasant excursion to Highland Park Tuesday last.

—Don't forget that St. Luke's church has vesper services every Sunday at six o'clock.

St. Luke's Sunday School pic-
Ring Cossack rou— a very quiet but
Now lift her to the sky
But see! From out the bi—

—Prof. James Storum lectured at the 4th Baptist church last Thursday evening.

—Dr. Henry Highland Garnett promises to visit Washington again before leaving for Africa.

—Rev. Robert Johnson's excursion will go to Richmond on the 13th instant. The tickets are selling well.

—Hell's bottom is fast losing its reputation for evil doing, as all the murders and other crimes take place in another section of the city.

—The small houses, occupied by colored people in Hell's Bottom, are fast disappearing and palatial ones are being built in their stead.

—Bishop J. M. Brown and several other delegates to the Ecumenical conference to meet in London will not leave till the middle of the month.

—The *Republican* in giving the officers of the Cadets and the Guards got them worse mixed than Buttercup did her babies in Pinafore.

—A musical society has been organized in this city with Dr. Kimball as president. Wonder will they extend an invitation to our colored musicians!

—We still urge that some of the many Sunday School workers will organize the quarterly meeting of all the schools in the District for singing purposes.

—Our long haired Greek doctor has been "run in" twice during past two weeks. We know of another long-haired individual who deserves the same fate, albeit he is not a Greek—no, no!

—Two sons of Erin quarreled and fought at Gallagher's grogshop on 21st street between L and M last Sunday morning, which ended in the death of Tyrrell by the sledge hammer fists of Orr.

—The Good Samaritans held forth in vast numbers at Lincoln Mission last Sunday night. Rev. S. P. Smith preached them a very lively sermon, and the collection reached nearly fifty dollars.

—Secret marriages seem to be getting a strong foothold in our community. The mania has not struck this office very forcibly as yet, though we have felt very queer, so to speak, for several weeks.

—Rev. J. W. Valentine of Mt. Pisgah church is a musician as well as a preacher. He sings well and plays the organ. He has organized a choir of the young people of his church and teaches them in person.

—Mrs. Lucinda Grant and daughter Jennie have gone to Richmond for a months stay.

—Mesdames Minton, Wilson, Boston and Miss Moten are at Fortress Monroe.

—Miss Sallie Wall is at Ocean Grove New Jersey.

—Misses McKenney, Wall and Moton will spend the latter half of this month at Atlantic City.

—Dr. Purvis entertained a select number of friends on Thursday last.

—Mrs. John M. Langston and son, with Capt. Wall and wife go to New York next week to meet Mr. Langston, who arrives on the 11 inst.

—Hon. Frederick Douglass has gone north for a brief visit, will return next week.

—Miss F. A. Lewis of Philadelphia, is yet in the city and continues to receive much attention.

—While the crowd was waiting at the depot Thursday for the excursion train to start, a boy had his foot run over and had ly crushed by an engine.

—The first complimentary pic.nic by the Capital City Guards will be given at Tivoli Park next Tuesday, August 9th The Park will be opened at 12 o'clock m., and no person, will be admitted except by invitation.

—The Congregational Methodists will give an excursion to Highland Park on Tuesday August 16th, in order to assist in obtaining funds for their new church edifice. Let all their friends rally to their aid

—There will be a grand rally at the St Paul's A. M. E. Chapel, 8th street between D and E southwest, to-morrow. At 11 o'clock Bishop Wayman, of Baltimore will preach; at 3 o'clock, Rev. Daniels of Zion Wesley, and Bishop Wayman again at 8 o'clock, to the church.

Give prompt attention and treatment, at this season of the year, to all Affections of the Bowels, such as Diarrhœ, Cholera, Morbus, Dysentery, etc.—By using Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam you will obtain immediate relief from these complaints, and soon drive them from the system

—The Progressive Co operative Association is making progress to an encouraging extent, and their belief is that the Lord helps those who help themselves. Already 111 shares have been subscribed. Those ladies and gentlemen who are soliciting subscriptions to stock, are requested to send a report of names and number of shares subscribed for to this office, to J. W. Cromwell.

—The library that the Superintendent of the 5th Baptist Sunday School said the teachers had "long since voted unanimously to have" don't put in its appearance. If they so long ago voted to have one it seems that it should be forthcoming by this late day.

—Churches and organizations giving pic nics and excursions should keep a sharp look out for bogus tickets. There were false tickets out for Rev. J. H. Brook's excursion to Richmond, and are likely to be out for similar enterprises by other parties.

—The Grand United Order of Galilean Fishermen met in their twenty fifth annual convention Tuesday morning last at their hall on F street, southwest. Supreme Ruler, Thomas J. Hall, presided. Delegates are present from Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York and the District of Columbia.

—An excursion is coming to this city from Richmond, Va., on the 14th of this month. Messrs. Norman Jacobs, William Lee, Albert Moore Cornelius Robinson and Dabney Ellett make up the committee of arrangements, and they advertise that "Special arrangements will be made for *white people*." Well, gentlemen, you know better than we, who and what you are, and if you publish the statement that you are not decent and respectable enough to ride in the same coach with *white* people, we certainly will not deny it; but we deny that you reflect the sentiments of the respectable colored people of Richmond.

—Rev. John H. Brooks, pastor of the Fifth Baptist church, is the king of excursionist. Thursday he carried away from this city to Richmond eighteen coaches packed with human freight. The train was cut into two sections, the first engine taking out ten coaches and the second engine eight. So greart was the crowd that the railroad officials, ordered the sale of tickets to stop, as they feared they could not get enough coaches to accommodate the vast crowd. The cars were packed, seats, aisle, and platform. There were thousands of people in and around the depot to see the excursionists go off. Mr. Brooks is certainly the most popular preacher in Washington, whatever people may say to the contrary. When other managers are wondering if they will have enough people with which to start the train, Mr. Brooks is wondering if the railroad company can furnish enough coaches and engines to accommodate his followers.

Vespers At St. Luke's

We are again induced to speak of the growing popularity of the Vesper Service at the above named church which is attracting considerable attention from our music loving population.

A lady recently speaking of her impression after a visit, described it as "heavenly." Mrs. McKinney, nee Lena Miller, has certainly improved with time and now takes rank as one of the most pleasing sopranos among the colored race. Messrs. Tompkins and Cole are so well known as not to need any introduction to the musical cultured people of this city. We believe it is only necessary to say that the choir will present to morrow a choice selection, to insure a full church. Every body ought to attend and make some sacrifice to encourage a higher order of church music. Service to morrow at 6 o'clock, Alex. Crummell, Rector.

PERSONAL

Rev. B. T. Tanner editor of the "Christian Recorder" is sending back a series of letters from abroad.

Hon. Henry Highland Garnett will return about the first week in next month to accept a token of a dinner and a public reception.

There are five colored members in the Georgia legislature and the prospect is that the number will be increased another year.

Prof. Wm. S. Scarborough was married to Mrs. Sarah C. Bierce at New York on the second instant. We extend congratulations to the happy pair. Mrs. Pierce was an instructor in Wilberforce University.

In reply to a letter sent to Hon. Dr. Garnett he says, "with sincere thankfulness, I regret to say that owning to previous engagements it will not be in my power to remain over Sunday and address my fellow citizens. I hope to return to the Capital early in September when I shall on happy to meet my friends in a social way. You may be certain, gentlemen, that I greatly appreciate your kindness and consideration for me.

Rev. John Jasper occupied his pulpit last Sunday afternoon and among other things preached against the revision of the Bible. He declared that the revisers had sent to him, "knowing that if they received his consent they would get all the United States, but he begged them not to attempt any change in the old Bible while Jasper lived, for if they did they certainly would find the sugar in their tea as sure as they lived."

His church is by no means one of the largest in Richmond, either in congregation or membership.

—As the train bringing the excursionists from Richmond reached Alexandria Sunday night Jas. Perry was detained. The following correspondence will show the occasion and the sequel:

Mayor Office, Alexandria, Va., August 1st 1881.

To whom it may concern:

The bearer of this letter, James Perry, arrested last night on a warrant sworn out by Newton Fant charged with the larcency of $6.00, was to-day released, the evidence showing that he had no connection with the selling of the tickets purporting to give transportation from Alexandria to Richmond and return, and he as chairman in charge of the train, repaid to the holders of the tickets; the amount claimed by them $8.00. And there was no evidence to show any intentions of fraud upon the part of Jas. Perry.

Y'rs Truly,
J. T. Beckham.
Mayor.

The above is a full statement of the facts about Jas. Perry's case, his arrest being the result of a mistake by persons who had purchased tickets for an excursion and were prevented from boarding the train by the crowd. His prompt dismissal by the mayor and honorable acquittal ought to be sufficient without further explaination.

Edward Burt,
Consel.
Alexandria, Va., Aug. 1st, 1881.

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6. JESUS HEALS THE BLIND AND DUMB.
7. PETER WALKS ON THE WATER.
8. JESUS RAISES LAZARUS.
9. JESUS BLESSES LITTLE CHILDREN.
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11. JESUS IS CRUCIFIED.
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The Colored People Like to Read It.

Mrs. Buford, of Brunswick Co., Va., uses it largely in the colored Sunday-schools under her care. This is what she writes about it:

If you could only know how many of my teachers and preachers come to me constantly, and tell me I have forgotten them, and not given them "THE STORY OF THE BIBLE," you would be glad as I am that you sent me the books. One of my best men, an old preacher, said to me the other day, **"Mistiss, I am an old man and mighty poor, but I wouldn't take one hundred dollars for that blessed book; it does make things so plain."**

Two brothers, white men, who were traveling about selling it in South Carolina, bought **more than a thousand** of these books last year. There has been such a sale for this book that over 80,000 copies of it have been printed, and the 62d thousand is now selling. If there is no bookstore near, send

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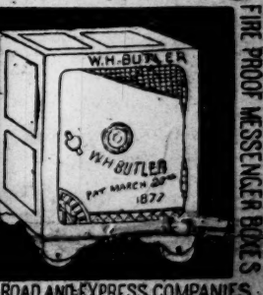

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This large and commodious Hall, having been renovated and furnished, WILL BE OPENED, for the accommodation of the public JUNE 10TH 1881. Every pains will be taken to make the guests comfortable: the table will be well supplied. Horses and carriages can be hired by any one wishing to view the surrounding country, croquet and other amusements provided for.

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THE NEWS.

The ladies connected with the Silk Culture Association of Philadelphia have decided to accept the invitation of the Atlanta International Cotton Exposition, and make an exhibit of silk, silkworms and cocoons there, as well as in Philadelphia, in the fall.

The guage of the Mississippi and Tennessee railroad, running from Memphis, Tenn., to Grenada, Miss.—100 miles—was changed from five feet to four feet eight and one-half inches. The work was done in ten hours, without interruption to south-bound trains and the traffic of the road.

Pratt, Read & Co.'s piano-key factory at Deer River, Conn., was burned. Loss about $50,000; partially insured. One hundred men are thrown out of employment.

A Peoria special to the *Inter-Ocean* says: "P. W. Crowe no longer denies, but proclaims his manufacture of the infernal machines discovered at Liverpool. He says more of them are being made in Peoria, and that the members of the order which he represents, believing themselves not liable to prosecution, will continue their work until England shall do justice to Ireland.

The decrease of the public debt during the month of July was $10,078,023.23.

A slight shock of earthquake was felt at Bangor, Me.

It is intimated that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company have finally selected the route for their new trunk line from Baltimore to New York, which will run parallel with the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company.

Ex-Governor Oglesby, of Illinois, who has spent several months in Colorado, writes that the mining richness of that country has been greatly exaggerated, and that many of the best mines now being worked are at any time likely to be exhausted.

Governor Crittenden, of Missouri, has offered a reward of $5,000 each for the capture of the James brothers, who are supposed to have had a hand in the late Rock Island train robbery.

An explosion of a powder magazine occurred at Mazatlan, Mexico, by which a whole square was blown up, and many families were buried under the ruins. About sixty bodies have been recovered.

The stockholders and directors of the Memphis Holly Springs and Selma railroad met at Memphis and changed the name of the company to the Memphis, Selma and Brunswick railroad. Frederick Wolffe was elected president. The capital stock of the company was increased to $3,000,000.

Mike Walls, a negro, was lynched at Dryersburgh, Tenn., upon his confession of having attempted to assault Mrs. J. F. Childress.

The Colorado Iron Works, at Denver, Col., with nearly all the machinery, were destroyed by fire. Loss about $125,000; insurance, $41,500.

James Israel's linseed oil mill and grain warehouse, near the Baltimore and Ohio railroad depot, Mount Vernon, Ohio, were burned. Total loss, $20,000; insurance, $10,000 in seven companies.

A party of Mexican traders on their way from the interior of Sonora, Mexico, were recently ambushed and fired upon by cow-boys, near Los Animas, while eating breakfast. Five of the Mexicans are supposed to have been killed. The rest fled, leaving a pack train and $4,000 behind them.

The New Hampshire House of Representatives passed a bill redistricting the state for the election of representatives to Congress, upon the passage of a national apportionment act, allotting New Hampshire two representatives.

Advices received by the National Board of Health report that yellow fever and small-pox prevail at Vera Cruz in a most malignant form. The former disease continues at Havana.

A Philadelphian named T. A. M. Ward is in New York, translating the signs on the obelisk.

The freight agents of the Chicago and Alton, Vandalia, Wabash, Ohio and Mississippi, and Indianapolis and St. Louis railroads held a meeting at St. Louis and advanced seventh and eighth class freights to 17½ cents per hundred to New York. Passenger rates remain steady at the reduction made a few days ago.

Mrs. C. G. Hartshorne, of Providence, R. I., has tendered the free and exclusive use of her villa at Newport to President and Mrs. Garfield for September and October.

The ceremony of laying the cornerstone of the monument to Governor Caswell, the revolutionary war governor of N. C., attracted fully 10,000 persons to the village of Kinston. Senator Vance delivered an eloquent address, and Governor Jarvis made a stirring speech.

Intelligence of the death of Bishop E. O. Haven, at Portland, Oregon, has been received.

A strange disease has, it is reported, broken out among cattle in Nova Scotia, and the mortality among the animals attacked appears to be very high. The disease is pronounced to be non-contagious.

A dispatch from Marion, Ala., says: "King, ex-marshal of Marion, on entering his gate, had six shots fired at him. His body was riddled with bullets. Death was instantaneous. Six negroes have been arrested."

Every business house in Truckee, California, and several dwelling houses were destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at $350,000; insurance one-third of the loss.

A daring attempt was made at midday by three men to rob the Manufacturers' Bank at Cohoes, N. Y. One man entered the bank and told Cashier Seymour that a man in a carriage outside wanted to see him. The cashier stepped out. The man asked the teller to change a $20 bill. While the teller was talking with him a third man stepped in through the directors' room and seized $9,500 in bills from the safe, the door of which was open. Mr. Clute, discount clerk, saw the robber take the money, and immediately presented a revolver, saying, "Drop it, or I'll shoot." The man said, "Don't shoot." He dropped the money and rushed out of the door. The man was afterwards captured.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is believed that Midhat Pasha and several others, sent into exile for alleged complicity in the murder of Abdul Aziz, will soon be pardoned. —Charles Bradlaugh will be arrested if he resists the authority of the sergeant-at-arms of the House of Commons.

The French authorities have discovered a monster conspiracy against them in Algiers.

The chief of police of Rome has been removed on account of the disorders tending the removal of the remains of the late Pope Pius IX.

Mr. Parnell was temporarily suspended in the House of Commons for offensive language.—The discussion of the Land bill in the House of Lords has begun.—It is believed that Sir William Harcourt, the English home secretary, obtained considerable information in relation to infernal machines from the memorandum of McGrath, one of the men arrested for attempting to blow up the town hall at Liverpool.

McGrath an McKevitt were convicted in Liverpool of an attempt to blow up the Town Hall. The former was sentenced to penal servitude for life and the latter to fifteen years' imprisonment.—Ayoob Khan entered Candahar on the 30th ult. Sheik Mehmoad, arrested for conspiracy against the French in Algiers, is to be taken to France.—M. Rouher, Bonapartist, has retired from public life.

Charles Bradlaugh was ejected by the police from the corridors of the House of Commons. Subsequently Mr. Bradlaugh made application for warrants for the arrest of the policemen, but was refused.—French troops have encamped a mile north of Goletta.—Cardinal Guibert has come out in another pastoral letter relative to the late disturbance in Rome, and Italy has called the attention of France to the fact.—The Czar and family arrived at Juriewitz, in the government of Kastroma.—The Baroness Burdett-Coutts and her husband are coming to America.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Cotton wool wet with sweet oil and laudanum relieves the earache very soon.

In Potasi the most violent headaches, so very common there, are cured by putting the feet in hot water.

To children and frugierous animals our pickles and pepper sauces are more offensive than meat and probably more injurious.

On the upper Rhine they have sanitaries where the people are fed almost exclusively on ripe grapes in order to purify their blood. Grapes are the most healthful of all fruits.

To stop the flow of blood bind the cut with cobwebs and brown sugar, pressed on like lint; or, if you cannot procure these, with the fine dust of tea.

To cure a felon: As soon as the parts begin to swell get the tincture of lobelia and wrap the part affected with a cloth; saturate it thoroughly with the tincture, and the felon will soon die.

Good digestion depends largely upon mental conditions and influences. Hence it is of great importance that pleasant, hopeful topics of conversation be chosen at the table. The discussion of diseases at meals is especially harmful and annoying; it is very distasteful and altogether inconsistent with simple good breeding. Equally ill-timed and injurious are fretting and grumbling about your food. Study to keep free from mental or emotional excitement before, during and after meals, and do not take any violent exercise immediately before or after meals. Take no food whatever (fruit included), except at meal times, and carry no food away from the table. Eat slowly and masticate all foods thoroughly. As a rule, drink sparingly at the table, and do not drink freely within an hour before and after meals.—*Laws of Life.*

Poultry-Keeping in Normandy.

As layers, small breeds of fowls are very much preferred to the larger ones, both as cheaper to feed and as laying larger eggs. In many districts square-built black hens preponderate, while in others cuckoos have a well-deserved repute. Houdans, of course, have their partizans, and Crevecœurs are unrivalled in their own part of the country, while many people will have none but the very pretty, well-shaped, lively and bright-looking Poule de Gournay—a black-and-white bird something like the Hamburg, with a comb resembling that of the Minorca, which seldom asks to sit, and lays a great number of large, white eggs. One farmer's wife said she kept about 400 hens of this kind, and usually sold about 12,000 eggs in the year, after supplying the wants of her large household and rearing about 400 chickens; and she might probably have doubled the number had she been able to give mere attention to the matter.

Artificial incubation is gradually making its way into Normandy, the Voitelier incubator being found to be a real success by all who use it intelligently. I conversed with several people who practiced artificial hatching, and their testimony was all in its favor. One *fermiere* had had her incubator in use for three years, and found no difficulty with it since she had taken to keeping it in a room where she could often look at the thermometer. She added that she was able to rear a much larger percentage of chickens from a given number of eggs than she could do with either hens or turkeys. I am bound, however, to say that I found incubators only among quite the superior class of farmers, and even then only here and there. It will probably be some time before the thrifty Norman peasant will be found to expend his earnings upon one; nor do I believe that artificial incubation has yet arrived at that perfection which would commend it to that class of persons whose wives and daughters have leisure to devote to their little poultry yards, and by whose ceaseless care and attention so much profit is made.

HUMOROUS.

When a man forges he sometimes finds it necessary to make a bolt.

The ears of a man are happily located, since there is a great deal to be said on both sides.

The reason has at last come out—the man that doesn't owe a cent could never get trusted.

The New Orleans *Picayune* thinks John T. Raymond was too "fresh" to stay long on "Wolfert's Roost."

A man never knows what pluck is until he comes to pop the question to her father. That is, we've been told so.—*Boston Post.*

An elephant has the strength of forty seven men, but the New Haven *Register* notices its trunk wouldn't be big enough for one woman.

A Brooklyn young man calls his sweetheart "Silence" because, when he wants to kiss her, she "gives consent."—*Wit and Wisdom.*

There is nothing like a bicycle to put flesh on a man. A Marathon man has had one only about a week, and his left ankle is three inches larger around than it was when he first rode it.—*Marathon Independent.*

Naturalists tell us that the male mosquitoes never bite. A liberal reward will be paid at this office for a specimen mosquitoes. We want [illegible] ing to see [illegible] that never bites.—*Inscript.*

"Pa," quoth Sammie to his sire, "why don't you go out West?" "Why do you ask, my boy?" "Because, Bill Higgins there went, and he struck a banana!" "A bonanza, you mean, Sammie." "Well, what's the difference?" "Why, when people strike a bonanza it sets them up, and when they strike a banana it sets them down—and very emphatically, too."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Tall women should not wear high coiffures.

Shot or changeable materials are again in high favor.

Fawn and porcelain blue make an admirable combination.

The silk and Lisle thread buttonless long gloves so much worn now take the name of Jersey gloves.

Stockings are made more decorative with embroidery, lace insteps, and gold, silver, steel and bead work.

Large hats and poke bonnets of Manilla straw are rivaling the porcupine and rough and ready straws.

Colored linen handkerchiefs are bordered with white lace, and have the owner's name embroidered in script, either in white or in a darker color.

While the Parisian costume designs are lengthening the waists of dresses, those of London are reviving the short waists and other styles of 1812 to 1825.

Sashes and neck ribbons of Roman scarfs, having all the delicate tints in them now so fashionable, have the merits of being becoming, crushable and washable.

In spite of the fashion journals bringing out most of their plates with long basques, the most fashionable women wear corsages without basques or very short basques.

An overdress, caught up on the left side by a strap, and otherwise undraped, is excellently well adapted for a traveling dress, since it is possible to shake all the dust out of it and to keep it looking fresh and neat.

Women's Wages in New York.

A correspondent of a New York paper wished to be informed whether there is any position open to a woman, except that of a teacher, in which she can earn more than $800 a year working a stated or stipulated number of hours daily, which condition excludes, of course, the functions of housekeeper or superintendent of a domestic establishment. Such positions are very rare, and it requires influence to secure them. A reporter, who was instructed to institute inquiries in the proper quarters as to the wages obtained by women in various employments, learned that they receive, as a rule, from twenty to thirty per centum less than men for the same or equivalent service. Good saleswomen, for example, get from $6 to $10 per week. Some few, who have served a long time, receive $12, and occasionally a salary as high as $15 is paid. But the latter are very exceptional cases. Good female cashiers obtain on the average a little more than good saleswomen. But $15 per week is a large stipend for a cashier, and it requires a guaranteed ability, the best of references and sometimes good security to obtain such a position. The only employment in which as high as $20 per week is ever paid to a woman appears to be in the office of bookkeeper, and here the average of wages is far below $800 a year. The majority of good bookkeepers get from $10 to $12 per week, and many women well trained in the business think themselves fortunate if they obtain $8. At the employment bureau of the young women's Christian association, whose *proteges* obtain, as a rule, better positions and better wages than the subscribers to ordinary employment agencies, $15 per week is stated as the maximum that a woman can hope for, exclusive of the functions of teaching and housekeeping. The superintendent of the bureau says it is rare that a woman obtains more than $15 per week as a teacher, and that $800 per annum would be regarded as a very large salary. In the position of housekeeper $1,000 a year is occasionally paid to an experienced woman, trustworthy and capable of assuming the entire management of a first-class establishment. Such instances are very exceptional, and can only be commanded by experienced women, well trained theoretically. On piece work in artificial flower manufacture and occupations approximating to the artistic, it is stated that wages as high as $18 are occasionally earned by first-class hands, but in ordinary industries from $8 to $12 per week represents the average earnings of women in occupations requiring some training, and from $3 to $6 is a common wage in the lower industrial walks.

Coffins are now made of paper, according to the *Paper Trade Journal*, which journal pronounces it as "rather running things into the ground."

(Port Huron Commercial.)

Charles Nelson, Esq., proprietor Nelson House, speaking to us recently, observed: I suffered so much with rheumatism that my arm withered, and physicians could not help me. I was in despair of my life, when some one advised me to try St. Jacob's Oil. I did so, and as if by magic I was instantly relieved and, by the continued use of the oil, entirely cured. I thank heaven for having used this wonderful remedy, for *it saved my life.* It also cured my wife.

The waiters at watering places say that brides have the best appetites of any of the boarders.

(Fort Wayne, Ind., Sentinel.)

When about twelve years old, said Mr. Geisman, of the Globe Chop House, to our representative, I met with an accident with a horse, by which my skull was fractured, and ever since I have suffered with the most excruciating rheumatic pains. Of late I applied St. Jacob's Oil, which has given me almost total relief.

Hop[illegible]rst came into use in 1857 [illegible]ut in 1865, never to come [illegible]n again it is hoped.

SILVER CREEK, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1880.

GENTS—I have been very low, and have tried everything, to no advantage. I heard your Hop Bitters recommended by so many, I concluded to give them a trial. I did, and now am around, and constantly improving, and am nearly as strong as ever.

W. H. WELLER.

Clara Louise Kellogg is worth $500,000. It's no wonder she has so many offers of marriage.

A Talented Lady's Views.

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I AM CURED.

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